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"I am the yesterday, I am the to-day and the to-morrow, for again and again am I born. Mine is the occult force that creates the gods themselves and that feeds the spirits in the land of the souls of the dead [Tuat] in the western regions of the heavens. I am the Eastern rudder, the Lord of two faces who seeth by his own glory, the Lord of the resurrection in his forthcoming out of the dark and whose birth is out of the house of death."

When we compare this chapter with the twenty-fifth, which is concerning the Last Judgment, we perceive the wide stretch of ideas traversed from the earlier to the later writing. The sixty-fourth chapter, which, from its vignette, we should like to call "The Pilgrim of the Sun," is described as "A Chapter about Going Out by Day from the Netherworld." This is Dr. Davis's translation of the caption. But Dr. Davis translates the French translation of this book made by Pierret, and does not go straight to the original Egyptian. Besides, since Pierret's book was published, there has been a further

collation of texts, and a truer knowledge of the meaning of this, the most difficult of the "bibles" of the races; the labors of Renouf and Naville have thrown new light upon obscure portions of "The Book of the Dead." The title of this ancient chapter is "Coming Forth into Light," in Egyptian "Per-em-hru," and as this is the name of the whole body of treatises, it may have given its name to them all. Were we to adopt Schiaparelli's method of determining the relative antiquity by the pictures and by inscriptions on the monuments, a glance at Lepsius's "Denkmäler" would give anyone reason enough to accept its priority.

At this point Dr. Davis, Erman and Miss Simcox give us no aid. Erman attempts little original work in the section on the religion of Egypt. The reader will find Dr. Davis's introduction most useful for this purpose. While the latter does not ravel the tangled skein of Egyptian theology and mythology, he gives what information can be given in a clear, orderly and straightforward way. His introduction is useful. As for the text, both Pierret and Davis have lacked the comprehension or taste for transcendental philosophy, the poetical diction and the sympathy with theosophy necessary to produce a first-rate translation of the "Per-em-hru." This translation is, nevertheless, amply sufficient to give the average student a good idea of the doctrines of the various treatises. We think that we are able to detect the evolution of Egyptian pantheism into materialistic atheism. Both Erman and Miss Simcox have likewise laid us under obligation by their careful presentation of the politics, economics and social life of this long-perished empire. Incidentally the Bible student will find much to instruct him. He will perceive the similarity between the system of the Judiciary in Egypt and that established by Moses, according to the narrative of Exodus. Another interesting matter brought out in the chapters of "Primitive Civilizations" is the Egyptian sliding scale of taxation; and the similarity of its governmental organization to that of Assyria and of China is, to say the least, extremely suggestive. This fits in with the theory of the origins of Egypt already mentioned. Just as we think, in reading "The Book of the Dead," of Ishtar and her descent, of Odysseus, Æneas, the visions of Dante and of Swedenborg, and of the descents into hell in all the myths of the world, we fancy that we can detect, also, the germinal notions of neo-Platonic philosophy, of Dionysius the Areopagite, and of the mystical theosophy of the Middle Ages. Surely, it is conceivable that the stream of thought which is now recognized as monism should have been the same that, we shall not say took its rise, but flowed through the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

From the learned and brilliant pages of Erman we learn that life in Egypt was mainly genial and comfortable. It was a land of good cooking and eternal tombs. There is a suspicion of sarcasm in the exclamation of the Israelites to their leader, "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?" There "we sat by the flesh-pots and we did eat bread to the full." The Egyptians had some sixteen kinds of bread, and were fond of sweetmeats. Roast goose was the national dish, and beer the favorite drink. They drank wine on occasion, but seldom water. It was not a rare thing for the women to drink overmuch at the little parties they held among themselves. The domestic architecture of Egypt, in contrast with the public buildings of temple and tomb, was ephemeral. The houses appear to have been beautiful, but as destructible as ours. Though it is probable that from the earliest times the Egyptians used iron, the vestiges of it in their buildings are not

extensive: it has oxidized away. Bronze is the metal now most commonly found. The pyramids have afforded much room for foolish speculation. The pyramid of Khu-fu is a marvel of engineering skill and technical knowledge, but, like its predecessors, the pyramids of Sakkharah and that of Medum, is was built for a tomb. In ancient Egypt the ordinary euphemism for a pyramid was the same as that for a tomb, namely, "the eternal abode" of such an one. The practice of embalment in Egypt affected the nation's morals and theology, and led to some results seldom considered. It is easy to understand how it would modify the theory of life and death. It had, also, much effect upon plastic art.

Of the psychology of the ancient Egyptians we have little space left to speak. Therefore we refer the reader to these books: all three contribute to our knowledge of this curious subject. Touching the literary form of Erman's book, we would say that the translation is fluent, but we notice some obviously careless proof-reading—e. g., "B. C." for "A. D." Miss Simcox's style calls for no comment; it is suitable. Students of Egyptology will recognize the usefulness and general worth of these works. They may be taken as signs of the growing general interest in the subject, and deserve the attention of those desirous of solid and *Ursprung* books about Egyptology.

"The Deserts of Southern France"

By S. Baring-Gould, M. A. Illustrated. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE AUTHOR remarks, perhaps in fun, in the very opening of his preface, that "a book . . . of travels . . . is out of place." That depends upon who writes it. The Rev. Mr. Baring-Gould can record his passing impressions of the vast commonplace corners of this worn-out world, and the reading public will give him welcome. Certainly, to a vast number of otherwise very well informed people, these most interesting deserts were a *terra incognita*, and in these days of many indifferent books it is indeed a treat to have author and publishers work together to bring out such beautiful volumes. There is matter here for readers of all tastes, and the archaeologist and historian, as well as the more careless reader of mere adventure, will find an abundance to his liking. In no other publication in English is the abused and misunderstood subject of pre-historic archaeology so clearly treated as in this author's account of the earliest people of Aquitaine, and the chapters on this feature of the country explored suggest how much might be done in setting right the people of our own country in the matter of America's earliest inhabitants, whose very existence is denied, although we have the same kind of evidence in abundance of paleolithic and neolithic pre-historic folk.

The work is by no means wholly technical and "scientific." We pass quickly from a flint arrow-point to Roquefort cheese, the history of which is given in a most entertaining chapter. The author says it "may be excellent eating—it is not pleasant to the nose," which is suggestive, for the Roquefort we so often get of late does not offend the nose and is quite indifferent eating; but then, it may not have come from any point in the deserts of Southern France. Truffles, which a celebrated physician called "vegetable cancers," are also described in a way that shows what a good literary naturalist the author might become if he chose, having the knack of telling all the important facts and leaving the rest to the reader's imagination. The second volume deals with nearly every old castle in the region, each being very graphically described. From these castles we pass to the people that dwelt therein, the lordly barons, every one a tyrant so far as he dared to be. Lastly, we have an appreciative sketch of the Murats of the days of the great Napoleon. Mr. Baring-Gould has written many books and in various lines, and has a host of readers that are ever eager for his next volume. Not one of them, we venture to predict, will pass this thoroughly entertaining description of the more remote portions of France, which are out of the line of ordinary travel,

beyond the beaten paths, but which now will undoubtedly become much better known.

"Un Paysan du Midi"

Par Batiste Bonnet. Vol. I.: *Vie d'Enfant*. Paris: E. Dentu.

The Critic (May 26, 1894) was the first American journal, we believe, to notice Batiste Bonnet's "Mémoires d'un Gnarro." Mrs. Janvier, in the article in question, gave our readers some account of the author, and of so much of his work as had up to that time appeared in the Provençal journal *L'Aidli*. It had already been determined that Bonnet's autobiography was to be translated into French by Daudet and published by Dentu; and there has since appeared the first volume—original and translation on opposite pages. This volume is entitled "Vie d'Enfant"; the "Mémoires d'un Gnarro" is to furnish the second volume, under the title of "Le Valet de Ferme"; and a third volume, "Le Pacan dans Paris," will deal with the author's experiences as a soldier and a Parisian. Not only for Provençal, but also for French literature, the book has an importance that can hardly be overestimated. Frenchmen have long been crying out for something of the sort.

Bonnet was born at Bellegarde, near Arles, between the rocks of Provence and the reeds of Languedoc, where, to quote M. Daudet's "Presentation," the dialects of the "Empire" (the left bank of the Rhône) and the "Kingdom" (the right bank) intermingle; and, with them, some trace of the soft Italian on the one hand, and the harsh Arragonese on the other. This may account for the abundant vocabulary picked up by a peasant, by no means lacking in abstract terms, furnished with names polite and impolite, affectionate and humorous, for every common object, besides marking scores of specific distinctions not apparent to the ordinary observer. M. Daudet and his collaborator, M. Henri Ner, are often obliged to transfer Bonnet's words to their pages untranslated; and the greater terseness, strength and flexibility of the original are apparent at a glance, even to a reader unaccustomed to the southern dialect. The French version is delightful; but it comes between the reader and the peasant author like a sheet of plate-glass. Son of a farm laborer, Bonnet was early inured to hard work. His earliest recollections are of bitter winter days on the road, gathering manure for the vines. He learned to read when already a young man, with "Mireille" for a text-book; was drafted and sent to Algeria, and served later in the Franco-Prussian war. The chance that sent him to school to an enthusiastic adherent of the modern Provençal movement was the making of him as a writer. Had he learned to read and write first in French, the world might never have heard of him. Though his work is mainly autobiographical, it contains many chapters which are separate essays on as many aspects of farm life in southern France—which suggest paintings by Millet, or Lepage, or Lhermitte. But Bonnet is not merely a painter in words. His gleaners work hard in the sun, harder even than Millet's; Tolstoi only has approached his description of "Les Donnades." In "Taille des Vignes" we have another picture of severe and strenuous labor in face of the violent and freezing north wind. "Le Saquet de Mon Père," "Les Olivarellas," "La Bugade," "Les Vendanges," "La Bergerie de Bronzet," take us the round of the year's labors, while at the same time bringing us through the first dozen years of our author's life. Meanwhile we get glimpses of rustic festivities, the Morris dancers going from house to house at carnival time, the noonday feast under the trees at vintage time, the theatre in the inn court-yard, and "the poet Boulard of Uzès, erect on a cart drawn by an old harriidan of a mare, and spouting his verses, *al fresco*, in the squares and open places."

On Christmas Eve the walls of the tap room at the Golden Sun are tapestried with larks, wild ducks, water-hens, wild geese, hares and rabbits to be raffled for; and the numbers are called out in a most original fashion. Eight is "la

cougourlo," the gourd; seventy-seven, "li dos piolo," the two hatchets; eighty-nine, "la marrido annado," the bad year. The laborers swap riddles while at work:—"What is it that is open by night, shut by day, and that supports all the vine-dressers?" "The sabot." The "lady-jane" of wine and water (*damo-jane*, whose sex and station we have both changed for the worse in metamorphosing her into our demi-john) is often in requisition. And the contents of Salumè's *saguet*, the leathern haversack which every self-respecting laborer carries, indicate a standard of comfort superior to that of most other European peasants. There is a pocket for honing-stone, wooden wedges and other things needed to keep his tools in order; another, the "conscience" of the sack, for his dinner; a third, its "soul," holds his flask of wine; there are pockets for hand-grease and for snuff; and a side-pocket holds the most precious commodity of all, some cloves of garlic—garlic, "the salvation of man," with which and a bowl of hot water one may have an excellent soup, with which and a crust of bread no one needs think himself ill provided.

But the peculiar merit of the book is in this, that it reveals the basis of French civilization in a way not paralleled by any other. The peasant class everywhere is silent, except for a few songs and folk-tales. Occasionally the letters or recollections of a man like Millet are "documents" of value; but Millet was much more painter than peasant. Bonnet's peasants show the true fibre; not like the cross-grained northerners of Balzac, nor like Zola's, fit for the burning, but sound and straight timber, good material to build the social edifice. It is most interesting to follow, in this first volume, the course of mental development in the boy absorbing the sights and sounds about him, surprised later at his faculty of recollecting things absent or past, discovering a miracle in a torn and discarded cap, and taking hold, as his first Christianized ancestors must have done, of the central idea of his religion; in the father rejoicing in his power of hiding his intention from the venomous beast that he is about to slay; in the illiterate farm-bailie tormented by his inability to express himself; in the group of shepherds in the Alps listening wonderingly to the lawyer, who tells them of the vices and the civilization of Paris.

The Waverley Novels

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Introductory Essays and Notes by Andrew Lang. International Limited Edition. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. New York: Bryan & Taylor.

"REDGAUNTLET" makes Volumes XXXV. and XXXVI. of this edition, of which we have already noticed the earlier issues. The readable introduction by Mr. Lang traces, so far as is possible, the real history of Prince Charles's relations with Miss Walkinshaw and his obscure and not always respectable adventures on the Continent. But Mr. Lang is far too much a creature of sentiment to be a reliable historian. The best point that he makes is in showing that Ballantyne's services as proof-reader and critic were of the sort assigned to Molière's housekeeper in the well-known legend. Among the etched illustrations (printed on Japan-paper) the two frontispieces are of uncommon merit. That to the first volume shows Lady Greenmantle regarding herself in a hand-mirror; the second is a striking fancy portrait of Nanty Ewart, "the scholarly smuggler," as Mr. Lang calls him. Both of these are from drawings by Sir James D. Linton. Mr. Frank Short's landscapes, "Allan (Fairfield) Entering Annan" and "Smugglers—Solway Frith," are also uncommonly good, and Mr. D. Y. Cameron's etching after Sam Bough's painting, "Sunset," is remarkable for the clever work in the stormy sky. The editor esteems "Redgauntlet" one of the most interesting of Scott's novels, "as far as his novels are revelations of his own history and opinions." That these opinions were in some degree Jacobite is well known, and Mr. Lang, at this late day, appears to share them. But, like most partisans of lost causes, he seeks to lay the blame

for Charles's disasters anywhere but where it belongs—that is to say, with the Pretender himself and his incompetent general, Lord George Murray.

In his introduction to "The Betrothed" (Vol. XXXVII.), Mr. Lang digresses to denounce the reading public for not buying books, preferring "periodical trash, snippets of twaddle." Ballantyne disliked "The Betrothed," but was enthusiastic about "The Talisman" (Vol. XXXVIII.), which, he thought, might carry off the heavier volume. The editor prefers "The Betrothed" as, we believe, do most readers nowadays. The story of the composition of "Woodstock" (Vols. XXXIX. and XL.), finished after the ruin of Constable's firm, is told in the introduction to that romance, and Mr. Lang is on his favorite ground in writing of the ghostly manifestations in the story. Here, too, the etchings are above the average in merit, W. Hole's "The Apparitions" being a model of the sort of etching that is best adapted to book-illustration. In some of the other etchings by the same artist the figures are rather too large for the size of the plate, but the style is still excellent. Of "The Fair Maid of Perth" (Vols. XLI. and XLII.), Mr. Lang says with justice:—"Sir Walter never wrote a better novel of adventure, a romance more stirring." It is also, perhaps, the most artistically constructed of all the novels. Of "Anne of Geierstein" (Vols. XLIII. and XLIV.) no one who reads English will say anything of the sort; and Mr. Lang cruelly insinuates as much when he notes that it "was very popular in Switzerland." But it gives him an excellent opportunity to divagate about the "Frey Feld Gericht" and Vehmic law, of which he takes full advantage. There is no lack of quality in the illustrations by R. de Los Rios and others.

"Sea and Land"

By Prof. N. S. Shaler. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A PROFESSIONAL MAN probably never sets about a more difficult task than the popularizing of the subjects that he has treated scientifically or technically. It is often impossible to come down to the level of a mixed audience, and there are scores of volumes that are failures for the simple reason that their authors have assumed their readers to have some knowledge of the subjects under discussion. As their many subdivisions show, the seven essays that go to form this volume treat of many more subjects than their headings might at first suggest, and, considering the wide range covered, it is surprising that the author should have made so admirable a book. There is matter enough for a dozen such volumes, without a suspicion of padding. It would be a most excellent thing, if the young folks that gather every summer at the seashore, could be induced to read this book while there. With the surf, the sandy beach and pebbly shore, or the rocks exposed to the dashing waves, before them, they could understand, as no teaching in schools or learned lecture could explain, how the surface of our apparently stable world is constantly changing.

The essay on the depths of the sea is too brief to be satisfactory, but how can we expect such a subject to be treated in two-score pages? Here, we think, the author made a mistake. This chapter could have been extended, and briefer mention made of our "harbors and civilization," and of icebergs. As it is, the book is heavy because of this undue attention given to subjects which do not appeal to the young reader, and we take it that it is intended for such, rather than for those of advanced years. The cover of "Sea and Land," which is otherwise an attractively made book, may act as a deterrent, in some cases, among purchasers of books intended for gifts to young people. This is a pity, for the volume itself is a decided advance over some of this author's earlier works, which are not free from hasty conclusions, if not positive errors. Here Prof. Shaler has dealt only with facts, and has set them forth in such a manner, with the limitations we have pointed out, as both to entertain and instruct the unprofessional reader.

"Majesty"

By Louis Couperus. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos and Ernest Dowson. D. Appleton & Co.

THE TURBULENT MOVEMENT of *les jeunes* in Dutch literature, which began more than fifteen years ago, has crystallized in sufficient measure, at least, to allow of a survey of the field. The result, it must be said, is not as great as might have been expected. Of the many that have been active here, but two have taken rank with the prominent writers of other nations. Or, rather, only one, for Maarten Maartens is an English novelist, though he writes stories of Holland, and his method has nothing in it of "sensitivism." There remains, then, Louis Couperus, of whose books two have been translated into English before the present one. He may be considered as the representative of the sensitivist school, in method, in philosophy and in choice of subject. It is not an invigorating school: it is almost sickly in its power of introspection, fatalistic in its acceptance of the facts of life without even an attempt to find a remedy. "Elne Vere," Couperus's best book, is a study of temperament, but of a temperament that lets itself be carried on and away by circumstances, with but the feeblest hopeless resistance; and "Footsteps of Fate" is a tale of fatalism, which repeats again this belief in the futility of all resistance.

The present book is an inquiry into the "states of mind" (the jargon of psychology has to be employed in considering the fiction of all nations, nowadays) of the heir to a mighty empire, whose shoulders bend in anticipation of the load they are to bear, the load which has been borne for many years by his autocratic father with superb, unquestioning belief in the Divine Right. It is not an easy task, indeed, for a common son of men to draw from his imagination the characters of emperors and princes. Therefore, perhaps, we recognize so many European rulers, living, dead, and to be, in the fictitious Emperor of Liparia and his numerous cousins and nieces: European history since the days of Napoleon III. has been freely drawn upon by Mr. Couperus, sometimes with startling directness. *Quod sis, esse velis*, applies to princes as well as to hod carriers; and this young crown-prince learns at last that his burden is as unavoidable as is that of the poorest of the poor. The soul-life of youth is often fraught with disheartening doubt, even with despair, before the mighty riddle of life that confronts it; and in his exalted sphere, as others in more humble ones, this Duke of Xara stands alone, a prey, moreover, to the physical degeneration of his sturdy race. He, who had planned to renounce his crown for the benefit of his autocratic little brother, was forced by death to assume it and to find the strength to bear its burthen. The analysis of his character, which might have become monotonous, is cleverly set off by the august crowd around him. The empress, haunted incessantly by her fear of assassination, the happy family life at Altseeborgen, in that small northern kingdom where every year so many rulers meet in summer for a few weeks of unrestrained happiness, the princess, who is married for reasons of state with the news of the suicide of the man she loved still ringing in her ears—all these personages and episodes are handled skilfully, demonstrating that their author is a master of the art of contrast.

The methods of the sensitivists are illustrated to perfection in these pages. The touch of "impressionism in words," in the description of the royal gardens and palaces wherewith the story opens, the trick of occasional repetition, to which Max Nordau objects, but which is unquestionably effective—all these peculiarities have been retained in the translation, which follows the original perhaps a little too closely. In the original the story was published some time ago, almost simultaneously with Lemaitre's "Les Rois." The resemblance between the two stories is remarkable, not in plot, but in idea. We like the Dutch story best: it is more delicately thought out, and goes deeper below the surface. But when all has been said, all due praise been given, the conclusion is unavoidable that this is a book of the period, not for all time.

It is a work of delicate art, no doubt, an admirable inquiry into the workings of the human soul under conditions that fall to the lot of but few of the children of men, but as we lay it down, it tempts us, as does most of the fiction in all parts of the world to-day, to give to the old, old adage a new meaning by saying, *ars brevis, vita longa*.

Mr. Meredith's "Lost Tales"

The Tale of Chloe; The House on the Beach; The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. By George Meredith. With Portrait.* Ward, Lock & Bowden, Ltd.

THESE THREE STORIES were published, years ago, in a periodical that has since ceased to exist. Consequently they were practically unattainable—for even the "unpublished" are not buried deeper and more effectively than are the authors whose works have appeared in periodicals that have been discontinued. In so far, then, as it is of interest to preserve the complete works of a writer who has succeeded in gathering about him a small band of aggressive admirers, the exhumation of these tales was a good and praiseworthy act. But we do not think that it would have been a loss to English letters, had they been left undisturbed in the forgotten pages of a defunct magazine. They are remarkable only because they are George Meredith's; in themselves they contain nothing that could raise them far above the productions of the average storyteller. Paeans of praise will probably be sung over the sturdy character-sketches and the deep observations on life contained in these pages; we confess that we cannot see anything in them that is above the average.

The first of the three, "The Tale of Chloe," contains a central dramatic idea of immense force; and when we have read it through, and think back, the wish comes over us that Stevenson might have had the unfolding of this plot and the direction of its climax. He would have made a story of it to haunt the mind for many a night; as it is, we reflect a little on Mr. Meredith's curious method, regret the lost opportunity, and pass on. "The House on the Beach" might well have been left to slumber on, forgotten and unwept, in the mouldering pages of the extinct magazine. It is of a readable commonplaceness—on a par with the usual "magazine story" of to-day. "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper" seems to us to suffer from the same defects as does "The Tale of Chloe." The central idea we like, but the way in which the lesson is taught makes us suspect that Mr. Meredith made here an attempt at humor, and failed dismally. Taken all together, these early stories by the man who, for some reason, is known to a few as "the foremost living English novelist," differ in nothing from the productions of many writers whose friends and admirers do not pretend to claim for them that brilliant title.

A Bright Woman in Egypt

In Cairo and Jerusalem. By Mary Thorn Carpenter. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE AUTHOR, who has seen India with a young woman's eyes, has also travelled through Egypt. Her book belongs to a voluminous but not very valuable class of literature, which is liable to swell to fearful proportions at the hands of the Cook tourists. Still, she is a cultivated woman, who knows not only her Baedeker, but has read some of the standard works on Egypt; consequently, for those who like it, there is a good deal of information about the past, given in a pleasant form, while her observant eyes give us Egypt up to date. She is keenly alive to color and all that is bright and lovely, and apparently shuts her eyes to things uncanny, while her excellent taste in the selection of illustrations is seen in the handsomely reproduced pictures. In one respect she was like Queen Titania: she seems to have fallen in love with the donkey. Like more than one American who has never seen a donkey away from the tow-path, she realized in Egypt, for the first time, the meaning of the commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass." She declares enthusiastically that if donkeys such as

* See page 279.

cast shadows in the Egyptian sunshine could be obtained in America, walking would become one of the lost arts. One does not have to read many pages of this charming work before discovering that her eyes saw a great deal which most of those under the regulation pith helmet do not see. After telling us about the Copts, the sheiks, the various sorts of Moslems, the excavators and the tourists, she sets out from Jaffa for the City of David, travelling over the Plain of Sharon and through the rugged hills at the rate of eight miles an hour. She gives a delightful account of the actual New Jerusalem, which has not yet come down out of heaven, but gives all the signs of being still of this earth and peopled by more or less quarrelsome sinners. On the whole the book more than fulfills the promise given by its bright first chapters.

Medical Literature

WHO HAS NOT at some time or other experienced physical pain and the agony of pain unrelieved and enduring, in spite of remedy after remedy prescribed by physicians for its cure? In "Pain" J. Leonard Corning, A. M., M. D., has written another interesting and scientific medical book. He defines pain as "the feeling (perception) evoked by over-stimulation of the nerves of special and common sensation," and describes the various heads and numerous sources of our physical suffering. For the relief of pain, many of the agents suggested are familiar to us and have been long employed by the profession; but others are not generally known to the family physician. One agent, however, is new, having been devised by the author, or, at least, first used for this purpose by him—*vis.*, the application of compressed air by means of the pneumatic cabinet or chamber. An illustration represents a patient sitting within it; he appears comfortable, and by no means presents the appearance of a sufferer, although surrounded by air which represents the pressure of several atmospheres. One might imagine that this would give rise to uneasiness or distress in many ways, but Dr. Corning assures us that the sensations are neither disagreeable nor distressing. Very satisfactory results have been obtained by him in cases which had obstinately resisted all other methods of treatment. The author does not approve of hypnotism as a means of cure for certain nervous conditions, thus confirming the experiments of Charcot and other eminent neurologists; on the contrary, he dwells upon the dangers of hypnotism to a subject in the hands of unprincipled operators. The volume is well written, contains much that is original and, we feel sure, will find favor with the medical profession. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE "SECOND BOOK in Physiology and Hygiene," by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., is an excellent work intended for students. The author gives a very comprehensive statement of modern physiology and hygiene, and, in order to lighten the labors of the student, technical anatomical terms have been discarded. The ill-effects resulting from the abuse of alcohol, tobacco and other narcotics are very clearly pointed out. Had Dr. Kellogg emphasized more strongly his disapproval of the disgusting and vile habit of chewing tobacco, which seems to be increasing in this country, even among those who have the outward semblance of gentlemen, he would have done good missionary work in the cause of cleanliness and decency. (American Book Co.)—WE HAVE HAD from the trained female nurse numerous books on nursing, cooking, etc., in which her peculiar views on pathology, the practice of medicine and surgery have found free expression. The "Text-Book of Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses," compiled by Diana Clifford Kimber, is an excellent book, but so, also, are the numerous standard works from which it has been compiled. Just why a book of this kind should be published expressly for nurses, the author has not made clear. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN "THE SENILE HEART," by George William Balfour, M. D., we are informed that the heart troubles of the aged are not necessarily accompanied by, nor are they even a sign of, the general decadence of the system; they should be regarded as local, and treated by proper remedies, care in the selection of diet, exercise, etc. In this way life may frequently be prolonged into the eighties or nineties; besides, patients sometimes resent having their disability attributed to old age or a general breaking-up of the system, but will accept cheerfully the view that gout is the cause, as it really is in many cases. Among many instances of what may be done in the way of prolonging life, the author mentions Luigi Cornaro, who, when in the forties, broke down in health and, it was thought, had not long to live. By a careful selection of food and drink as to kind and quantity, he lived to be over one hundred

years old. In the medical treatment of the heart troubles of the aged our drugs, Dr. Balfour declares, must, like Opie's colors, be "mixed with brains." This he has done for us in his wise suggestions for treatment contained in this book. (Macmillan & Co.)—PROF. TH. RIBOT describes in "The Diseases of the Will" conditions which our readers will be surprised to learn are symptoms or forerunners of serious brain trouble. He instances many cases, some of them well-known literary characters—DeQuincey as a case of *abulia* or loss of will power; Coleridge, the poet, as an extreme case of impairment of voluntary attention. Generally the condition is the result of the long-continued use or abuse of nerves or alcoholic stimulants, which have produced a change in the substance of the brain. The book will prove of great interest to those engaged in neurological or psychological studies. (Open Court Pub. Co.)—IN "NEURASTHENIA; or, Nervous Exhaustion," David Allyn Gorton, M. D., denies the charge, made by German and English alienists, that neurasthenia is a malady of American origin, and confined to this country. Many European celebrities in science and literature have suffered from it: Newton and Scott were among its victims, and Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Balzac, Renan and others were attacked by it. The malady is as old and as widespread as civilization itself. Nothing new in the way of drugs is suggested by the author, but he recommends a change of scene and, above all, a change of occupation, as idleness is always hurtful in these cases. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF Mental Healing," by Leander Edmund Whipple, has been written, the author states, to meet the growing demand for information of a practical nature on the subject. In complying with this demand he advances most extraordinary views, many of which we fear the reader will fail to comprehend; for instance, we are told that the "Imaging Faculty of Mind is the instrument of human existence," whatever that may mean. Again, "Every distinct feature of the bodily ailment is an exact copy of the Mental Image of a Thought picture." In other words, disease is a picture, and to efface or erase that picture is the sole object and aim of mental healing—and until the mental picture is disposed of the patient will not recover. The author frankly admits that mental healing does not include surgery. Surely, a method which claims to be omnipotent in the cure of disease, without drugs and nursing, should be able to relieve curable surgical maladies, the existence of which anyone can see and no one can deny. Such books are most pernicious in their effects upon the minds of the timid and sickly imaginative class of readers. (New York: Metaphysical Pub. Co.)—C. W. POST'S "I Am Well! Natural Suggestion; or, Scientia Vitæ" is similar to the preceding book, only more absurd, if possible, in its teachings. (Lee & Shepard.)—THE AUTHOR OF "Macrobiotic; or, Our Diseases and Our Remedies," Julius Hensel, also, has views that are unique and original. Here is a specimen of his "advanced" theories:—"The real cause of disease is the diminution of the electric fluid. Vinegar and Glauber's salts make impossible the spread of most of the acute diseases." Of course, Mr. Hensel has a remedy with which to meet and overcome all departures from health, prepared only by himself. To advertise it seems to be the main object of this book. (Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel.)

IN THIS COUNTRY the State extends no financial aid to medical schools, as is the case in certain parts of Europe. In "Higher Medical Education and the Need of its Endowment," William H. Welch, M. D., declares that they should be endowed by our wealthy citizens, and makes an earnest appeal to that class for aid:—"If the public desires good physicians, they must help to make them." One of his suggestions for extending the scope of medical education, we are confident, will meet with the unqualified disapproval of the medical profession and of humanitarians throughout the country. He says:—"Greater use than is customary can be made of experiments upon animals in teaching some matters pertaining to surgery, such as certain details in surgical technique, the healing of wounds of different parts of the body, their behavior under the influence of antiseptics, of foreign bodies, and of other circumstances, etc." In other words, he proposes to open new fields for vivisection, against which there is already a strong and increasing feeling throughout the civilized world. We presume that the teacher of surgery by this method would be styled Professor of Experimental Surgery, and his duties would consist in inflicting wounds and performing operations upon living animals, merely to enable him to illustrate surgical technique. In every city which has medical schools, the student not only has ample opportunities

for witnessing operations of all kinds upon the human subject, but also for following all the details in surgical technique. These operations are necessary for the relief of suffering, and frequently to save life, and the moral effect upon the student is elevating. The operations upon living animals, on the other hand, as proposed by Dr. Welch, will have a brutalizing effect upon the minds of young men compelled to witness them, because they are cruel and wholly unnecessary. We sincerely trust that no money will ever be bequeathed to medical schools for such a purpose. (Philadelphia: Lea Bros. & Co.)

DR. JOSEPH C. HUTCHISON has succeeded admirably in making anatomy, physiology and hygiene thoroughly attractive to school children in "Our Wonderful Bodies, and How to Take Care of Them," of which the First Book is destined for primary grades, and the Second for immediate and grammar grades. A prominent feature of both books, one to which a fourth of the entire text has been devoted, is the manner in which he has impressed upon the youthful mind the injurious effects of alcohol and tobacco. This is what he says with regard to tobacco-chewing:—"Perhaps it will be sufficient to say on this subject, that we never could understand why some people who chew tobacco become so careless of the condition of their mouths, beards, clothes, and of the rights of others. Because those who chew tobacco cannot swallow the juice, that is no reason why other people should be obliged to see it on the sidewalks, floor of cars and boats, walk over it, or inhale it. It is embarrassing to speak so plainly on this subject, but it would be unnecessary to do so if some of those who chew tobacco would be more thoughtful." (Maynard, Merrill & Co.) —ALTHOUGH CLAIMING that her "Manual of Hygiene" is only a concise text-book for the use of medical students, Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell has managed to place before her readers in a very condensed form the latest discoveries and views of sanitary scientists. The chapters on water, ventilation and heating, and on the final disposal of sewage, are of especial interest. The manner in which certain preventable diseases are conveyed by contaminated water and the defective sewerage of towns and cities is also freely discussed. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

BARON NILS POSSE declares in his "Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics," that it would take a lifetime to get through all the movements that can be constructed. It seems to us that nearly a lifetime would be required to master those described in his book. We cannot conceive of anyone deliberately undertaking to learn the details here given, either for amusement or for the instruction of others; they appear more intricate than the most complicated military evolutions, and more difficult to perform than the feats of a Japanese athlete. One thing the author might have dwelt upon—*vis.*, the way to acquire a graceful carriage in walking, which is so rarely seen nowadays, particularly among young men. Perhaps it is not regarded as a part of educational gymnastics, but it is nevertheless of great importance. (Lee & Shepard.) —"THE CARE OF CHILDREN," by Elisabeth Robinson Scovill, is the outcome of the author's experience in Newport Hospital. It is replete with information concerning the nursing, general care and bringing up of infants, and will prove of value to mothers and all who are charged with the supervision of children. (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus.)

THE AUTHOR OF "Defective Speech and Deafness," Lillie Eginton Warren, has made speech a special study for a number of years—that is, she has patiently devoted her intelligence and energies to the difficult task of teaching deaf-mutes either to speak, or to understand the speech of others by training the eye to watch the lips and facial expression of the person speaking; and also to correcting the defective speech of stutterers and stammerers. When the case is such that an operation on the nose, throat, mouth or ears is inadmissible for the relief of the patient, the education or training which the author gives will be found useful. The results of treatment by her method have, been, on the whole, most satisfactory, and those having children afflicted with deafness, either congenital or acquired, or whose speech from any cause is defective, will gain much solid information from this little book. (New York: Edgar S. Werner.) —DR. W. H. HOLCOMBE'S "The Truth About Homœopathy" is an able and well-written defense of homœopathy, in which are refuted many of the charges made against that school, among them, that it has been recruited from the uneducated and unsuccessful practitioners of the old school. The first physician who administered a dose of homœopathic medicine in the United States was Dr. Hans B. Gramm, who settled

in this city in the year 1825. The first American physician converted by Dr. Gramm was Dr. John F. Gray of New York, who enjoyed an immense practice for more than fifty years, and lived to see 4000 physicians follow in his footsteps. (Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel.)

New Books and New Editions

JONATHAN DYMOND'S "Essays on the Principles of Morality," originally published two generations ago, has appeared in a ninth edition. The book is a strong anachronism, the author's point of view being widely different from that of all ethical writers of the present day. Even when first issued, it was far behind the best philosophical thought on ethical subjects, or, rather, it was out of the range of such thought. It is written from the Quaker's standpoint, and a large part of its contents consists of arguments against war, the taking of judicial oaths and other practices to which the Quakers are opposed. As regards the fundamental questions of ethics, Mr. Dymond tells us that the standard of right and wrong is the will of God, which will is to be ascertained partly from the Bible and partly from the dictates of conscience. He leaves us in some doubt as to which of these authorities is entitled to precedence, though he lays most stress on the dictates of conscience; yet he is obliged to confess that conscience is sometimes mistaken, and that different men's consciences are often at variance with one another. He gives no rule or principle by which we may know when conscience speaks truly, and when it is mistaken. We would not have our readers think, however, that there is nothing good in Mr. Dymond's book; on the contrary, on some questions of practical duty it contains wise and acute observations, and the author's earnestness and complete surrender to what he believes to be right are manifest on every page. (James Pott & Co.)

LUCRETIA P. HALE'S "Fagots for the Fireside" appeared some six years ago, and quickly took rank as one of the best collections of amusements for social gatherings. A new edition adds thirty games, making 150 in all. These are presented in the guise of a story very cleverly managed. Cards seem to have undue prominence, yet this feature may commend the book to many, and there is sufficient variety in the diversions described to suit all tastes. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) —"CHILDREN'S SINGING GAMES," collected and edited by Alice B. Gomme, and pictured in black-and-white by Winifred Smith, includes "London Bridge is Broken Down," "The Jolly Miller," and other time-out-of-mind favorites. This is a second series, in all respects equal to the first, which was favorably noticed in *The Critic* on its appearance. (Macmillan & Co.) —INSTRUCTION, carefully disguised, is the aim and end of two card-games, the first, "Das deutsche Litteratur Spiel," by F. S. von Zoller, furnishing an easy way of familiarizing the player with the principal German authors and their best works. "The Table Game," by Hélène J. Roth, deals only with the French names of "everything that is placed on the dining-room table." (William R. Jenkins.) —SIX LITTLE VOLUMES of stories for little children belong together by the token of the flower printed on their covers. They are "Seed-Corn," "The Old Drum," "Tillie's Only Gift," "How Tressa Helped," "Miss Pepper's Valentine" and "Ted's Flower Mission." (Hunt & Eaton.)

"SPENSER AND SHAKESPEARE" is a sixpenny pamphlet by Mr. Thomas Page, giving a concise account of the lives and literary work of the two poets, for school and popular use, and fairly well done in the compass of thirty small pages. (London: Moffat & Paige.) —THE "THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Dante Society" (Cambridge, Mass.) contains, besides the brief report of the society for the past year, two papers: a list of the "Additions to the Dante Collection in the Harvard College Library," compiled by Mr. W. C. Lane; and an "Index of Proper Names in the Prose Works and Canzoniere of Dante," by Mr. Paget Toynbee—the whole forming a well-printed pamphlet of 28 pages. (Ginn & Co.) —THE THIRD SERIES of the uniform edition of W. S. Gilbert's "Original Plays" contains "Comedy and Tragedy," "Foggerty's Fairy," "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," "Patience," "Princess Ida," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Gondoliers," "The Mountebanks" and "Utopia Limited." (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.) —AN INDEX to the "Catalogue of Books Printed at or Relating to the University, Town and County of Cambridge" (see *Critic* of 13 Oct., 1894) has been compiled by Ernest Worman. It makes a pamphlet of 67 pages, double columns, and

shows much patient, skillful labor. (Cambridge, Eng.: Macmillan & Bowes.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Punning "Ann Hathaway Ballad."—A correspondent in New York asks:—"Who wrote the Ann Hathaway poem in which occur the following lines?

'Thou know'st, fond heart, Ann hath a way,
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way;
To make grief bliss Ann hath a way.'

The poem has been often ascribed to Shakespeare, probably because the writer puts it into his mouth. In some collection of poetry—I forget which one—it is credited to "Edmund Falconer"; and another editor says it was written by "a tipsy playwright in London." It was actually written by Charles Dibdin, and may be found set to music in the edition of Dibdin's "Songs," published in London, 1848 (vol. ii. p. 127).

There is another ballad, of twenty-six stanzas, which has sometimes been confounded with the one just mentioned. Every stanza ends with "Ann Hathaway," but there is no play upon the name. It may be found in *The Quarterly Elocutionist* for April, 1876 (published in New York), and in some other of the collections specially intended for public readers.

In *The Critic* of May 17, 1884, the punning poem is said to be in a volume entitled "A Tour in Quest of a Genealogy Through Wales, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire," by a Barrister (London, 1811); but the poem given there, and professing to be "to Ann Hathaway from W. S.," is different from both of the above, and does not contain the lady's name at all. The book is in the Barton Collection of the Boston Public Library, where I examined it in 1884. It contains some other pieces of verse falsely ascribed to Shakespeare.

A Blundering Interpretation of a Line in "Hamlet."—Mr. George Newcomen sends the following interpretation of a debated line in "Hamlet" (l. 2. 67) to the *London Academy*:—

"When Hamlet replies to the king's question, 'How is it that the clouds still hang on you?' with 'Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun,' it would seem to me that the reply simply means that Hamlet had been weeping, and 'with veiled lids' had been trying to conceal his tears. Upon this having been noticed, he says, 'I am too much i' the sun,' which is equivalent to 'The sun is shining upon my face, and I must needs turn away my eyes.'

"The reasonableness of this conjecture is further borne out by the queen's admonition, 'Do not for ever, with thy veiled lids, seek for thy noble father in the dust'; and by a subsequent speech of Hamlet, where he says, 'No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, nor the dejected haviour of the visage * * * .'"

Of the many explanations of the passage (for which see Furness's "New Variorum" edition of the play) this seems to me the worst. The antithesis of "I've been weeping" to the reference to "clouds" is poor and weak; but the misunderstanding of "veiled lids"—not "veiled lids"—would disgrace a schoolboy. "Veiled" does not mean covered or concealed, and has no connection with the modern *veil*. It is the obsolete *vail*, to lower or cast down; of which we have a good example in "Measure for Measure," v. 1. 20:—

"Justice, O royal duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!"

And in "The Merchant of Venice," i. 1. 28:—"Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs." The word is from the French *avalier* (from Latin *ad vallem*), and is used by Shakespeare no less than ten times, while *veil* (the verb) is used only seven times.

Bacon's "Life-rendering politician."—A correspondent in Boston asks whether Dr. Owen really believes that we should read "the kind life-rendering politician" in "Hamlet," in "defiance of both reason and rhythm." Certainly he does. Bacon wrote "politician" in his original play of "Mary Queen of Scots," and he subsequently concealed the expression in his later play of "Hamlet." The change from "politician" to "pelican," which the anonymous editor of the 1632 folio made, plausible as it may seem, has no authority whatever. As to the interpretation of "the kind life-rendering politician," who gives his own blood to feed his "good friends," why, that is your concern, not Bacon's. He cannot be expected to furnish brains for the understanding of his poetry.

By the way, another tragedy by Bacon has just been exhumed from the "alleged" works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, and the rest, by Dr. Owen. It is entitled "The Tragical History of our Late Brother, the Earl of Essex." The introduction, by the decipherer, tells us that it is a later production than the "Mary, Queen of Scots," and "bears the impress of greater skill, more experience, and far more intense personal feeling." It is more complete and consistent than "the Shakespeare plays." The latter, indeed, contain "some of the most beautiful thoughts and poetic conceptions, which have become familiar household words; but they are fragmentary, and interpolated with, and surrounded by, irrelevant and incongruous matters, neither suggesting them, nor by them suggested. The Cipher gathers these fragments together in proper sequence, as in the prologue to this Tragedy of Essex, where they take the form of a soliloquy, embodying the deepest philosophy concerning things natural and spiritual, temporal and eternal. This wonderful prologue can only be measured from the point of view of its author, Francis Bacon." In the Shakespeare plays we find many "ambiguous incongruities and obscure allusions," which the commentators have failed to explain; but in the Cipher publications these "become smooth, reasonable, and historically accurate, and the great thoughts of that great constructive genius, the author of them all, are presented in their primal form." If then you would study the dramatic poet at his best, read these newly discovered plays, and not those in which he worked at a disadvantage because he was hiding the "primal" productions in them.

The Grace and "Prosit" of Apemantus.—Mr. W. S. Kennedy sends me the following note:—

"At the close of the grace of Apemantus in 'Timon of Athens,' i. 4, ending,

'Amen! so fall to't;
Rich men sin, and I eat root,'

that cynical dog gives utterance, according to the folios, to the following 'prosit' as he stuffs a root into his mouth and takes a sup of water:—"Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!" It is a singular fact that the commentators of Shakespeare have all left this puzzle-word *dich* alone, so far as I know. It is supposed to stand for *do't*, says Rolfe. It occurs to me that *diet* (nourish, satisfy) is the word. It would have been much easier for the printer to mistake *diet* for *dich* than the phrase *do't*. The poet uses *diet* twice in 'Timon,' and the verb occurs some nine times in the plays—three or four times in the sense of nourish. The other sense in which he uses it is to restrict and regulate the regimen of a person in his food. If *diet* be the word Shakespeare (or the writer of this part of 'Timon,' whoever he was) put into the mouth of Apemantus, he probably meant the word to convey chiefly the idea of nourishing, with the secondary implication of spare and restricted regimen glanced at. That *diet* may possibly be the word here receives strong support, I think, from the context. The main idea of the cynic is praise of his spare diet, which he contrasts with the luxury of Timon. He says:—

'Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner—
Honest water, which ne'er left man in the mire;
This and my food are equals; there's no odds.'

"I must say, by the way, that years of study of Shakespeare hermeneutics, line by line and word by word, fail to convince me that 'Timon' is not very largely Shakespeare's—an unfinished work—one in which we catch him in the very method of his composition—a rough first draft in parts, or skeleton play. For if the work had been to any very great extent added to by a professional playwright, why don't the lines show some kind of order and uniformity in length? Nothing easier for a third-rate writer than this. In fact, this is what usually is most conspicuous in inferior authors. But if 'Timon' is a rough sketch by Shakespeare, it is what we should expect when we find the lines as unequal and careless as they are. I therefore think Furnivall has robbed Shakespeare of entirely too much of this play, and especially the very part in which Apemantus figures with his 'grace.' To me it has all the marks of Shakespeare's work—yet unfinished; the superb phrasing and depth of thought not yet added except in parts."

I have no quarrel with those who may agree with Mr. Kennedy, whether as to his emendation of *diet* or his opinion concerning Shakespeare's share in the play. I do not agree with him on either question, and I shall give my reasons at some future writing.

Magazine Notes

GATHERERS of "Trilbyana" will find some excellent material in Mr. Robert H. Sherard's illustrated "autobiographical interview" with Mr. Du Maurier, in the April *McClure's*, which covers both his life as an artist and the more recent one as a popular novelist. Timely, also, is the series of portraits of Hall Caine, with a view of Greeba Castle, his home on the Isle of Man. Madame Adam writes of "The Pierre Loti of Private Life," her article being illustrated with pictures of M. Viaud's fantastically furnished home, and several portraits. Dr. A. Conan Doyle contributes a story, "Recollections of Captain Wilkie"; Robert Barr another, "Where Ignorance Is Bliss." Henry J. W. Dam describes "The Bank of England"; and E. J. Edwards begins the story of Tammany Hall from its foundation, with numerous pictures and illustrations. This history of the Society will run through several numbers, and cover all the prominent episodes in its career, from the days of Marshall Rhynders to the exposures made by Mr. Goff.

In its January number, *The University Graduates' Magazine* began the publication of a series of papers by Adam de Marisco on American universities, in the order of their age, the series opening with "Harvard of To-day." According to the writer, Harvard began in 1894 a new volume in its history. In that year, he says, "seven distinctive radical changes are clearly indicated: the liberalization in religious matters, the perfection of the elective system, the abolition of classes in the old form, the establishment of definite relations of the graduate department with the University and the extension of the courses, the establishment of permanent relations with Radcliffe College, the founding of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, and the opening of the Harvard Club in this city." The February number contains Mr. de Marisco's paper on "Yale of To-day," and contributions by President M. Woolsey Stryker, D. D., on "Wagner"; Edward B. Merrill, on "The Late Gardiner Spring Plumley, D. D."; Prof. T. W. Hunt, on "Teachers and Teaching"; and Lucretia Wayne Chandler, on "The Educational Development of Women in America." The article in the March number deals with Princeton. The new periodical should not be confounded with *The University Magazine*, formerly issued at the same address.

Celebrities is the name of a new monthly published in this city, which consists of a series of "actual photographs of prominent people with biographical sketches," the portraits in the first (April) number being those of Virginia Harned as "Trilby," Thomas C. Platt, Julia Marlowe, Max Alvary, Mrs. George Gould, Thomas A. Edison, Mrs. Burton Harrison, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Emma Eames and "Little Marguerite." The photographs are Falk's.

The Lounger

MR. C. W. COLEMAN, Librarian of William and Mary College, writes from Williamsburg, Va., to say that I am in error in supposing that the bootmakers of this wide-awake country have not yet seized the name of Du Maurier's heroine for advertising purposes. In his note of correction he encloses a clipping from the catalogue of a Chicago house, containing a picture of a high-heeled ladies' shoe, flanked by an advertisement of "The Trilby," price \$3, postage 15 cts.—"an ornament to any foot," etc. And I hear that the shop-windows of Norfolk, Va., fairly bristle with shoes of this brand. Moreover, a bootmaker's advertisement in the *Pittsburg Post* shows (as a punning Pennsylvania correspondent writes to me) that "Trilby has obtained a foothold even in the Iron City." According to the advertisement,

"This enterprising firm offer to the lady sending in the most accurate dimensions according to the diagram above, together with a drawn outline of the nude foot on paper, a handsome pair of the highest grade 'Trilby' shoe, which they will have made up especially for the winner. This stylish foot adornment for Pittsburg's model feet will be satin or silk lined throughout, of the finest quality kid and best workmanship. Bear in mind, ladies, it need not be the smallest feet that win, but the most perfect form of a foot from a standpoint of proportionate measurements."

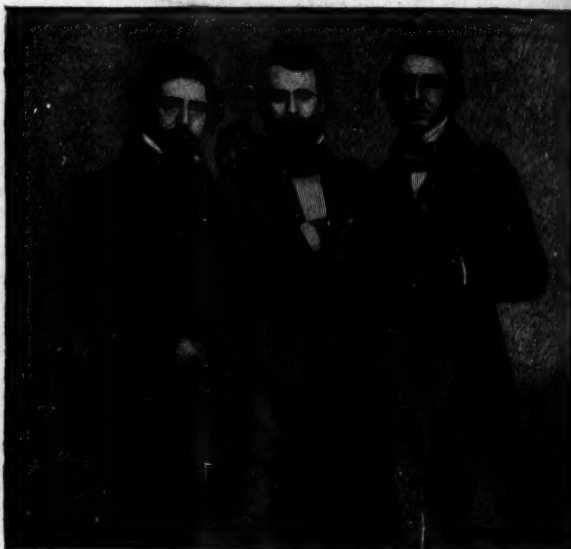
* * *

SPEAKING OF SHOES, a dealer in New Haven advertises that "the person sending us the best advertisement written in poetry about the 'Royal Shoe' before April 15, will receive a pair of \$4 shoes free." This must be something to be worn by men, for no one would be so stupid as to give any other name than Trilby's to a woman's shoe, this year—unless, as I have suggested, the fact that Trilby's foot was a large one should have a deterrent effect.

It may be, after all, that the American woman's Chinese love of little feet may be modified by the present rage for whatever is Trilbyan.

* * *

AMONG THE MANY interesting portraits that embellish President Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States," now running in *Scribner's*, there is one of Thomas



Copyright 1895 by Charles Scribner's Sons

Hicks, Charles A. Dana and George William Curtis, reproduced from a daguerrotype of 1852, in Mr. Dana's possession, which is reprinted here. On the same page of the magazine may be found a portrait of George Ripley, the organizer of Brook Farm.

* * *

THERE WAS A TIME when we looked to England for everything that is healthy and virile in literature, but of late a change has come over English letters (I say letters in a loose way, meaning books in general), and now we have English novels by the side of which the much-berated French novel is food for babes. And yet, England is supposed to have a literary censor who stamps out of circulation any book that does not meet the requirements of the family circle. When we take up a French novel we know pretty well what we are going to get, but we never know what an English novel is going to be until we have read well through its pages. The French novelist makes no pretence of moral or "purpose"; he writes to amuse French readers, and succeeds. The English novelist, on the other hand, makes a great pretence of being influenced by a high and holy purpose, and writes stories that are unfit for any purpose but the kindling of fires. By their pretence they get into the hands of the young and innocent, and there they do the mischief. I have already spoken of Mr. Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," and now, close upon the heels of that obnoxious story, comes one by Mary L. Pendered, Miss or Mrs. I know not, which for rank indecency leaves Mr. Allen's story miles behind. The hero of Mary Pendered's novel is a villain of the deepest dye, the lowest, most utterly vicious and depraved man I have ever met in the pages of a book. And yet he is the hero, and is rewarded for his villainies: and the author seems to take genuine pleasure in rewarding him.

* * *

THE POINT OF this story, and of Mr. Allen's as well, seems to be to prove that marriage is an old-fashioned institution not suited to these enlightened days, and that "free love" is the only thing worth having. They propound their theories as though they were something new, not as though they were as old as the hills. Men are supposed to be progressive, and to improve with the development of the intellect, not to go backward and live as the beasts of the field.

* * *

I AM VERY glad to know that Mr. Richard Mansfield has now a theatre of his own in New York. He has taken a long lease of Harrigan's Theatre, which already has its new name, "The Garrick," painted on its side. Mr. Mansfield is going to transform

the interior of this exteriorly pretty house and make it as comfortable as he knows how. The orchestra seats are to be as large as those of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the galleries are to be made fit for human beings to occupy. You may pay three dollars for a seat in the dress-circle of the Metropolitan Opera House, and have the most uncomfortable seat you ever sat in for your money. I hope that Mr. Mansfield will pay some attention to the "family circle" also, for, even if one is poor, he has his feelings and doesn't like to sit out a whole play on a hard bench, with no room for his knees between the bench he sits upon and the one in front. Theatres raise their prices when they have any special attractions, and the fifty-cent seats are sold at a dollar and a half. Now, I think that for such a price one might expect a fairly good seat, but he will be disappointed if he does expect it. The manager who has the wisdom to make his "family circle" comfortable will reap his reward, for, while there are a great many rich people in New York, there are also some worthy poor, who would go to see a play now and again if they were not treated like cattle.

* * *

I HEAR THAT Mr. Mansfield is going to introduce the admirable English custom of serving tea to the patrons of his matinées. From what I know of him, I suppose that it will be good tea, but the tea one gets in public places in this country, and in most private places as well, is very bad. I know of only one restaurant where it is good in all New York. There may be others, but I have not had the good fortune to find them. Mr. Mansfield has imported Miss Janet Achurch to act at his new theatre (which he spells "theater"), and he is trying to get Cissy Loftus for a curtain-raiser, I am told.

* * *

I HAVE JUST read Mr. J. H. Millar's "slashing attack" upon Scotch authors in *The New Review*, to which Mr. Arthur Waugh alluded in his letter to *The Critic* last week. Mr. Millar's article, which he calls "The Literature of the Kailyard," is "slashing," and it is unquestionably an "attack." While I think that Scotch writers are getting a little more praise than they deserve, I think that Mr. Millar gives them a little more blame than they deserve. There is nothing easier than to "pitch into" an author, and there are few writers from whom one cannot cull isolated passages that are more or less absurd when held up in the light of ridicule, but there is too much that is worth reading in both Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ian Maclaren to blow them aside with the breath of scorn. They have suffered at the hands of their friends as much as they are now suffering at the hands of an enemy. Overpraise is bound to create a reaction, but I suppose that people feel so sick and tired of the erotic school of English literature, that they are glad to welcome something entirely different, and to think more highly of it than if it had come at another time. I am not among the most ardent admirers of either Mr. Crockett or Mr. Maclaren, but I do not see why they should be scorned and insulted because those who do admire them enthusiastically have been injudicious. The heads of these two writers may be turned by their success, but whose would not; and as for the reported interviews with them, who knows just how accurate they were? If Mr. Millar had written his "slashing attack" upon another set of British novelists, I should have more sympathy with it.

* * *

MISS CISSY LOFTUS has been giving a series of afternoon performances at the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Miss Elizabeth Marbury, and they have been very successful. Miss Loftus's specialty is mimicry, and she gives imitations of well-known actors, actresses and music-hall singers. She is a fascinating child, and not at all what one would expect in a girl reared in the London music-halls. Notwithstanding the fact that her imitations are humorous, there is to me something decidedly pathetic about them, or perhaps I should say about her. I may have felt it because she is only a child, and a homesick child at that. Since she married a man-of-letters (Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy) Miss Cissy has dropped into poetry and published a little book called "First Verses," of which this is one:—

"I write upon this last white sheet
A message. I can rhyme no other:
"I send my love and kisses sweet
Across the ocean—to my mother!"

and this another:—

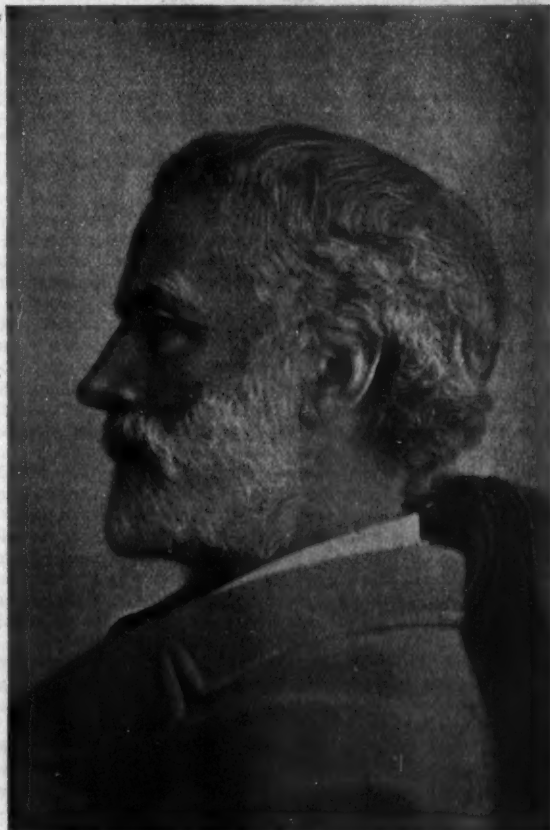
"They say the olushing milkmaid's out of date;
That only painted ladies are in vogue;
The charms of innocence they roundly rate,
And him who sings of them they count a rogue.
But I, who love an out-of-fashion miss,
A country maid who blushes when I meet her,

Find in her innocence a world of bliss,
And heaven in her kisses when I greet her."

Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy sailed for England on Wednesday. They may return in the fall.

* * *

I REPRODUCE HERE the portrait of George Meredith that forms the frontispiece of his "Lost Tales," a review of which will be found on page 274. The volume contains, also, a view of the Châlet at Box Hill.



* * *

IT IS WITH A SENSE of personal loss that I hear of the suspension of *The Pall Mall Budget*. It was a model weekly, well written, well illustrated and altogether admirable, and it was said to be making money. When it became known that Mr. Astor talked of stopping its publication, he had a number of offers from people who wanted to buy it, but he declined to entertain them. He has given as an explanation of his extraordinary action that the *Budget* was Mrs. Astor's special pride, and that most of its successful features were due to her suggestion. Now that she is dead the paper she was so interested in must die, too. That is one way of looking at it; but I think that Mrs. Astor, could she have been consulted, would have preferred the paper to be continued as a memorial of herself rather than have her associates, the men who worked so enthusiastically and to such purpose under her guidance, thrown out of employment. Mr. Astor has certainly won distinction as the first man to discontinue the publication of a successful paper.

"Ecce Filius"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have just read your short notice of my little book, "Ecce Filius." Tendering you my thanks for the same, will you allow me to enter a protest against the last clause? You say that I "assert the eternity of Christ's manhood, and at the same time the limited existence of his divinity." A more careful reading will, I am sure, make it apparent that this is contrary to the trend of the whole book, as well as to specific statements made in various places. See especially "General Reflections," Chapter XI. and

the whole of Chapter XII. God's existence cannot be limited—man's existence cannot be eternal, it may be immortal. As to the actual presence of "two persons" as manifested in the Christ, let us remember that one of these persons is God himself, who is invisible, and can only be conjoined by the signs or proofs which Jesus cites. They are the "words" and "works" which, though uttered by the man Jesus himself, to the sight and hearing of men, are, nevertheless, declared by him to emanate from the Father God, then dwelling in him, Jesus. Such declarations can only be intelligible upon the basis of the recognized personality of God. The person of Jesus, the man, is conjoined at the same time by all the phenomena which can disclose man to man. I deny that two persons can be one person, and contend for the integrity of the personal manhood of Jesus and a recognition of the personal presence of God as manifested in and by Jesus, who does by such declared and actual relations become the Christ, the Anointed One.

NEW YORK.

JAMES O. SWINNEY.

The New York Public Library

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES of the consolidated libraries will, it is expected, be chosen in the course of a few weeks. In the mean time the question of site is the one most widely discussed, and evidently most hard to settle. Everything points, however, to the final selection of the Lenox Library block. Among the provisions of the bill granting the ground to the Library, there is one restricting the use of the land. Consequently the ground would yield but little revenue, while the present building would be useless. Economy points therefore to the Lenox building and block, which seem to us, moreover, excellently suited for the purpose. The objection that they are too far removed from the centre of the city's population is, we think, hardly valid. Aside from the fact that the business quarters are constantly, rapidly encroaching on the residence portion of the lower part of the city, and will shift the centre of population in a few years, the proposition to include the Free Circulating and Aguilar libraries in the new plan breaks the force of this argument. Moreover, when its need becomes manifest, an approach from the West Side, under Central Park, can, and undoubtedly will, be made. As to the site of the Reservoir in Bryant Park, Mr. George L. Rives, who is one of the Trustees of the Lenox Library, very truly observes that "every scrap we have of ground of that kind should be jealously preserved for park purposes. If the old reservoir at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue should be got rid of, the space it occupies should be added to Bryant Park and not be built upon." The people of this city are too sorely in need of breathing places to have even an inch of space taken away from them that can be utilized for this purpose.

A New Historical Review

AT A CONFERENCE of representatives of American universities and colleges, held in this city on April 6, it was decided to found *The American Historical Review*, a quarterly publication for whose establishment and support the alumni of the different colleges and historical writers will be invited to subscribe. Those present at the meeting were Prof. Sloane of Princeton, Prof. Hart of Harvard, Prof. McMaster of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Stille, ex-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Profs. Robinson, Munro and Cheney, and Dr. Friedenwald of Philadelphia, Prof. Foster of Dartmouth, Prof. E. G. Bouine of Western Reserve, Prof. G. B. Adams of Yale, Profs. Burgess, Osgood and Dennison of Columbia, Prof. Gross of Harvard, Prof. Wrong of the University of Toronto, Prof. Meacham of Hartford Theological Seminary, Prof. Lucy Salmon of Vassar, Profs. Tyler and Stephens of Cornell, Prof. Jameson of Brown, Prof. Andrews of Bryn Mawr, Charles Francis Adams, John C. Ropes and Dr. Bancroft. Prof. Sloane presided, Prof. Hart acting as Secretary. An Editorial Board was selected, consisting of Prof. George B. Adams, Yale, Prof. Sloane, Princeton, Prof. Stephens, Cornell, Prof. McMaster, University of Pennsylvania, and Prof. Hart, Harvard. The University of Chicago will also be represented on the Board, which will choose a managing editor, and make arrangements with a publisher. The need of a review such as this promises to be as has been felt in this country for a long time. As Prof. Sloane expresses it, "The new journal is to cover all fields of history, and a special feature will be the book reviews, for which it is hoped to enlist the best experts in history throughout the country. Although there are several periodicals devoted to economics and political science, there has been, up to this time,

no purely historical review in the United States, and only one, *The English Historical Review*, in the English language. The conference expects to draw on historical scholars throughout the country for articles and reviews, and to give *The Review*, so far as possible, a national character." It is expected that the first number will appear soon after the summer vacation.

Dr. Nordau on Walt Whitman

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your issue of March 30, in a brief biographical sketch of that clever but extraordinary scientific autocrat, Dr. Max Nordau, the writer says:—"We must confess we should have liked to read Dr. Nordau's opinion of Walt Whitman." The Doctor gives his opinion of Whitman in one or two places, in terms which it is to be supposed are perfectly proper in a scientific criticism of modern literature, but which some of us rejoice to think have fallen somewhat into desuetude in merely literary criticism. The Doctor does not mince matters at all, but cuts with the judicial opinion that Whitman was "a madman." I merely send you this note—since "Degeneration" has unfortunately no Index—so that you may know that the Doctor has not altogether overlooked the literary show on this side of the Atlantic.

BOSTON, MASS., 2 April, 1895.

W. B. HARTE.

[The allusion to Whitman appeared in only a few copies of *The Critic*, before the error was detected and corrected. The paragraph was not written by the writer of the review of the book which appeared on another page in the same number.—EDS. CRITIC.]

London Letter

ABOVE ALL THINGS the literary man needs to be saved from his friends. Trite and tiresome as the truism is, it has been very effectively emphasized during the present week, in the visit to London of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the enigmatic author of "Princess Maleine." The British public has been somewhat inclined to regard M. Maeterlinck as a charlatan, and, because his friend, M. Octave Mirbeau, wrote certain very foolish and clumsy sentences in his praise, it has been thought that the dramatist himself believed his own work to be more tragic than "Othello," more extraordinary than "Hamlet." The present visit has dissipated the idea, and proved that Maeterlinck has been wounded in the house of his friend. A more modest, unpretentious man never put his name to a title-page. The occasion of his visit was as follows:—The energetic Mr. Grein, manager of the Independent Theatre, had invited the Company of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre of Paris to fulfill a week's engagement in London at the Opera Comique. The program was to consist of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" and "The Master Builder," reinforced by Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "The Intruder." What more natural than that an attempt should be made to induce the latter author to visit London? The attempt succeeded, and M. Maeterlinck has had a hearty welcome. The theatrical company arrived late on Saturday, but as a violent cyclone was blowing, the dramatist put off his crossing till Monday morning. Meanwhile, Mr. Grein and Miss Dorothy Leighton had issued invitations for a reception at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, for Monday afternoon, at which Maeterlinck was accordingly exceeding late. A vast number of literary folk had assembled, including, besides many men and women of standing and credit, almost all the writers of foolish female novels who have made ephemeral reputations during the last year. These inquisitive ladies, however, saw but little of the guest, who kept, indeed, assiduously in the background. It was quite difficult to catch a glimpse of him.

Maeterlinck is not above moderate height—probably about five feet seven inches,—broad and strongly built, but sallow in complexion, with his hair ("a sable, grizzled") brushed back directly from his forehead. His face is occasionally shot through with expression, but, when in repose, the features are somewhat heavy. He was hemmed in, in his corner, during the entertainment, and few got speech with him. Mr. William Archer, however, has interviewed him for *The Daily Chronicle*, and the result is a pleasing record. Maeterlinck had refused to respond to a call for "author" on the conclusion of "The Intruder," on Monday night, and expressed himself to Mr. Archer as quite ignorant of the English custom of an author's appearing before the curtain. Informed of it, he found it "contrary to all his ideas of what is fitting," as, indeed, it undoubtedly is. He is of opinion that his plays are not best suited to the stage, and read better than they act, which is equally true.

He knows very little of the English stage, the only two plays of recent production which he has read being "Salome" and Mr. William Heinemann's "First Step," for the latter of which he entertains the profoundest admiration. As for the effect of his plays on the stage, it is difficult to judge; for the company at present in London has done all it can to render illusion impossible. "Pelléas et Mélisande" was played before two ill-painted scenes, while the front of the proscenium was covered with gauze, sewn together into strips, with the joinings lying like cobwebs across the face of the scene. With such a setting it is impossible for imaginative drama to be effective, the thing would be far better read from a bare platform. The weak attempt at illusion entirely kills any play of fancy. The audiences were kind, however, and Maeterlinck can hardly fail to be pleased with his general reception.

The new illustrated paper, *The Hour*, appeared yesterday, in what is called a "preliminary number." From cover to cover it is adorned with invitations to speculate. The subscriber of thirty shillings is to receive the paper for a year, a debenture bond carrying interest between 6 and 15 per cent., according to the success of the paper; also an accident insurance for 2000*l.*, with other bonuses for the loser of an eye or a limb. The same thirty shillings, moreover, is an entrance-fee to numerous competitions, by which young composers are to have their operas produced at London theatres, young students are to be endowed with travelling scholarships, and all the world is to be surfeited with benefits. In short, the whole business is an attempt to apply the system of coöperation to journalism, and it remains to be seen how far it can be made effective. Apart from its commercial aspect, the paper is extremely lacking in distinction; and the colored illustrations, reproduced in two or three washy tints, are worse than the worst productions of *The Million*, which, by the way, is to be discontinued by Sir George Newnes in a week or so. If *The Hour* succeeds, it will certainly do so in the face of its intrinsic demerits.

During the autumn Dean Hole will put forth a volume dealing with his recent lecturing tour in America. It will take the form of an itinerary, with the impressions of the various places at which he stopped. To an interviewer the Dean has confessed that his tour was scarcely so big a financial success as he had hoped; and there seems to be a general opinion that America is being somewhat overdone by the English lecturer and actor, just now. This may well be so, for the flood of immigrants to New York has continued with uncommon force during the last six months or so.

It is strange to notice the relish that a certain kind of journalist finds in tracing the identity of the places and the people introduced into successful fiction. A little while ago, paragraphists were busy fixing the locale of "The Heavenly Twins," as though the interest of the story were the least affected by the question whether Rochester or Durham was the cathedral town of the Tenor and the Boy. The latest victim to the sensation is Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose new story, "In Haste and at Leisure," is being widely read at the libraries. It seems that there is a ladies' club in this book called "The Excelsior," a name which at once suggests the Pioneers of Bruton Street. Whereupon the lively paragraphist has set the word a-going that the Excelsior is the Pioneer, and that Mrs. Lynn Linton has been plying the stings and arrows of outrageous personality upon Mrs. Manning's young ladies. The rumor has reached Mrs. Linton, and has caused her intense annoyance. She replies that the story was written before she had heard of the lively society in question, and that the club of her novel is entirely a fiction of her own brain. This sort of argument is unanswerable.

A new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, "The Triumph of the Philistines," will probably be put on at the St. James's at an early date. Mr. Jones has also advanced considerably upon the drama with which Mr. Forbes Robertson will inaugurate his management. He has been extremely busy for some time, especially as his book of essays dealing with "The Renaissance of the Drama" is still at the printer's, and is not likely to see the light for a week or so. Mr. Wyndham's health has obliged him to close the Criterion, a new play is being rehearsed at the Vaudeville, the Savoy is closed, the Lyric entertainment is approaching its last days, and altogether theatrical business is somewhat slow. "King Arthur" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" continue, however, to draw immense houses, and are the established successes of the season.

LONDON, 29 March, 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Mr. D. Y. COMSTOCK, Associate Master in the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn., has resigned, his resignation to take effect in June.

Boston Letter

A GRAND CELEBRATION in honor of Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, the author of "America," was held in Music Hall last week, and the compliment paid to the author, now in his eighty-seventh year, was very marked. Time and again the spectators rang out applause, as the white-haired but sturdy patriot stood bowing before them, while around all hung a mass of flags and bunting to suggest the patriotic nature of the gathering. Behind Dr. Smith were the boys and girls of the Boston public schools, gathered to sing in his honor, while by his side sat the Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., pastor of Tremont Temple, John W. Hutchinson, the last survivor of the famous old Hutchinson family of singers, Prof. Lincoln and other prominent men. In the evening the Governor, with members of his Staff, ex-Gov. Long, Gen. H. B. Carington, the veteran abolitionist, Capt. Nathan Appleton, the Rev. Drs. George Harris and Alvah Hovey and Mr. Curtis Guild were among the gentlemen on the platform. Far off in the little village of Briarwood, Wash., this day had been remembered, the thirty-seven school-children of that town sending to Dr. Smith a simple bunch of violets, for the purchase of which they had each contributed a penny. The presentation of the violets to Dr. Smith made a pretty little incident in the ceremonies. Some weeks ago I quoted Dr. Smith's idea regarding the origin of the tune of "America," and these same facts he gave in his address at the celebration, although he added emphatically, "I don't believe anybody knows its true origin."

Another celebration of the week was that of the 73d birthday of Edward Everett Hale. With him, as with Dr. Smith, flowers formed a unique expression of sentiment. To the South Congregational Church every lady brought a single rose for her birthday token, so that, while Dr. Hale was expressing his appreciation of the congratulations pouring in upon him, there grew behind him a constantly increasing bank of roses. The author of "The Man Without a Country" had just been looking over a part of his own country, having returned recently from a visit to North Carolina. He does not believe much in the present alleged "boom" in the South. In fact, to him, he said, it seemed all as wretched as poverty, and he is also inclined to think that some of the Southern people are still enjoying the old sin of laziness, if he is to judge by the fact that nobody was at work on the roads except convicts. The "human dynamo" was what Dr. Holmes once called his friend, and the constant, energetic work of the noted Bostonian shows that the title has in no way been outlived.

I had hoped to tell the readers of *The Critic*, some time, just where the first town-meeting was ever held in America, and where the first public school was established, since the great and General Court of Massachusetts had passed a resolution to expend \$15,000 for monuments to mark these spots. But the task has proved too great for the historians. The Executive Council, being authorized to look up the sites, entrusted the task to a sub-committee, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor and two councillors. This committee, finding itself overwhelmed with claims, handed over all the testimony to a committee of three historical experts. The latter have now come to the unanimous decision that the sites cannot be determined with any degree of certainty. Dorchester, Salem, Dedham and many other places claimed the honor, but none could prove it. To the Committee there even came a man from far down in Maine, who maintained most vigorously that the first town-meeting was held in the backwoods of the Pine Tree State; but he failed to prove his case.

A word or two now about books. Again Poe's "Tamerlane" (first edition) is to be sold in Boston. It is the same copy that created so much excitement when put under the hammer on April 28, 1892, and was finally purchased by Dodd, Mead & Co. for \$1850. Now it returns to the same auction-room in the sale of rare first editions from the library of George T. Maxwell of New York. Besides the books there are many remarkable autograph-letters to be disposed of at the same auction.

As I predicted when Mr. Herbert Putnam was placed in charge of the Boston Public Library, numerous changes have been made in the system of the old institution, all tending to make the Library of benefit to the people. One quaint idea, entirely practicable, is the establishment of a "juvenile department." Children have come in large numbers every Sunday, and, in the manner of boys and girls, have called for book after book simply to look at the pictures. So now Mr. Putnam has placed aside for their benefit a special room, where, without the use of any slips and without any trouble of any kind, the children can look over the hundreds of selected books and youths' magazines placed there expressly for

them. In a few days, also, the Library will be open in the evening, while on Sundays, instead of having simply a small section open to the public, all the departments will be available, a custom different, I think, from that in vogue in any other public library in the country. A great many people feared that the removal of the books from the business section of the city to the more select Back Bay would cut off a number of patrons, yet, as a fact, although thus far the Library has been closed temporarily three hours earlier than the old, still the circulation now equals that of the old one, averaging, I am told, about 2300 volumes a day.

Dr. Thomas N. Drown, who has been elected President of Lehigh University, although a Philadelphian by birth, has been Professor of Chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston for the past nine years, and has been particularly noted here as the originator and superintendent of the great work of investigating the water supplies of the State, which, carried on by the Board of Health, has yielded information of use to the whole world. The "Normal Chlorine Map" of Massachusetts, the first of its kind in the world, was his contribution to the report of the Board of Health. He was also one of the founders of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

By a slip of the pen in one of my letters I connected Mr. Brown of Little, Brown & Co. with the authorship of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations." It was, of course, simply one of those unaccountable slips that are discovered immediately upon their appearance in print. I may add, also, while writing of this firm, that the recent statement to the effect that none of its actual members are descended from the founders, Charles C. Little and James Brown, is erroneous, Mr. John Murray Brown, the senior member of the firm, being a son of James Brown. He has been connected with the house for thirty-two years and a member of the firm for twenty-eight.

BOSTON, 9 April, 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

AFTER WEARY YEARS of waiting, Chicago has at last awakened to the fact that literature and the arts are really deserving of encouragement. It "begins to swim before us dimly" that fame in these departments is almost as desirable as in commerce and the learned professions. Seeing that other cities are lauded for the writers and artists within their borders, we begin to explore our own highways and byways, searching curiously for material of the same kind that may be made available. If we find a struggling young painter, we pat him on the back encouragingly and invite him to send his neglected pictures to a club exhibition, where he will be graciously rewarded with a cup of tea. Or, if it is a writer we chance upon—one, perhaps, whose wares have only passed current in the journalistic market,—we ask him to a reception which is to be given to Chicago authors. Once caged in this way, we beg him to amuse us with a ten-minute talk about his "art," for the curious spectators expect the lions to roar. We range them in a row on the platform for the delectation of the multitude, silent with admiration and awe. And then we make them tell us how this masterpiece or the other was evolved. To the painters and sculptors we are a little more generous, even on one occasion promising them so substantial an encouragement as a dinner.

But we are very explicit with them, assuring them that this is a rare and valuable privilege. It is better that our benevolence should be thoroughly appreciated. We are even explicit in the invitations which we send about the city, that of a south side club recently requesting our attendance at "an exhibition of Chicago painters and sculptors." But there they were not obliged to talk; they were only made to listen, while a fluent and clever critic extolled the personality and the work of each one of them in turn. So the millennium is at hand, and the path of the artist is being strewn with roses, if not with dollars. A few of the artists, however, are receiving both, but alas! this reward is not always to the deserving. One man who paints, for example, has the good fortune to belong to a popular family, and behold, he is overwhelmed with orders, and we all stand around and admire his extraordinary portraits, which are certainly original both in drawing and color. And while his false work is being exploited, Mrs. Wilmarth, who is the President of the Fortnightly, and Mr. Hamlin Garland discover a day-laborer named Needham, who has the genuine instinct for art. A house-painter by trade, he has for years occupied his few spare moments in going back and forth to his work by making sketches of the Chicago River. His selection of that despised stream as his subject proves him an artist in feeling, for

it is rich in beautiful effects. And some of these Mr. Needham has caught in his studies on the back of cigar-boxes. He has a sense of composition and of color, and persistence has added to these advantages a free, loose, swift handling which makes some of these sketches a delight to the eye. But as yet we have not seen fit to encourage him.

Nevertheless, the city is not occupying itself wholly with artistic and literary aspirants to distinction. A great wave of desire for knowledge has swept over it, and earthly wisdom will not satisfy the craving; we must have something spiritual, something occult. To appease this hunger we have taken up the study of the influence of mind over matter, and Christian science, or rather, as one of the devotees calls it, mental science and the art of healing. We have gone into it very deeply indeed. There are classes all over the city, some of them modest in numbers and price, others decidedly more ambitious, but all of them veiled in mystery. The beatific condition which is the coveted result of all this energy is only for the elect. They may impart no atom of it to the starving outsider who cannot enter the radiant circle. Be he never so forlorn, he must remain in darkness. The secrets of elysium may not be revealed. But at present there is a circle within a circle. Even the elect themselves are filled with envy of the fortunate few who are able to listen to the high priestess of their art. She comes from Boston to uplift in some degree our failing spirits. We recognize at once her right to reign by the fact that she alone ventures to charge \$100 for a course of lectures. To the number of thirty-five we bow in reverent admiration before this wonderful being who is to bring us the magic secret of happiness. Little has escaped from the charmed circle to the outer darkness, but it is whispered that we are enjoined not to love one person more than another, marriages being unnecessary to the high-priestess's plan of creation. We are told, too, that hospitals and all such primitive arrangements for the care of the sick should be abandoned, since this new and finer art of healing does away with illness altogether. And when a strangely sacrilegious pupil asked what would then be done with men who were trampled on by horses or crushed in railroad accidents, the high priestess showed at once her descent from the Delphic oracle by the proud reply, "Are you greater than I?" This served the double purpose of silencing the questioner and preventing such interruptions in the future. But the great work goes on, even if some of us do stand outside the pale, trying in envious despair to probe the mystery. It was doubtless only such envy that caused one woman to say, when asked to join the elect, that salvation was too expensive, and that she would try to work it out for herself with her Testament; and another to declare that she would not purchase even such exalted happiness at the expense of her sense of humor.

The Art Institute's annual exhibition of water-colors and pastels will open with a reception next Thursday evening, and soon afterwards Raffaelli's paintings will also be exhibited there. In the meantime O'Brien is displaying twenty-four paintings of Japanese subjects by Theodore Wores, whose work is familiar in New York. His method is much freer and looser than it was a few years ago, and his color has improved in delicacy and subtlety. Some of his work is still hard and photographic, but the best of it is charming. The little "Theatre Street," gay with posters, the pinks and lavenders of "Spring," the iris and chrysanthemums and blossoms of the peach and plum, and the delicate, lovely "Sunshine and Cherry Blossoms"—these give one an idea of the beauty of the strange, fascinating country that this painter loves. Thurber is preparing to exhibit a collection from the Dutch Water-Color Society, and Keppel is now displaying some capital work from the same gray country. There, too, can be seen several things by Arthur B. Davis, very original and charming in conception and treatment, faulty at times, but showing a strange, subtle sympathy with childhood.

The Chicago Kindergarten College will hold its eighth annual literary school during Easter week. The general subject of the ten lectures, each of which is to be followed by a discussion, is "Myths." The promised lecturers are Mr. Denton J. Snider, Prof. Louis J. Block, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Prof. Starr, Miss Harrison, Prof. Moulton and Mrs. Sherman. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie will close the school with two lectures, one upon the subject of "Nature and Culture," and the other upon "Methods of Myth-Makers."

Mr. John Vance Cheney, Librarian of the Newberry Library, will begin to-night a course of six lectures upon "American Poetry."

CHICAGO, 9 April, 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

The Drama

"The Honeymoon" at Daly's

ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT probable that Tobin's old comedy under any conditions could regain nowadays the popularity it once enjoyed, it possesses certain solid merits that render it worthy of occasional revival and assure it of a respectful and kindly, if not enthusiastic, reception. Artificial as it is in form and expression, it contains literary qualities of no mean order, genuine, if not particularly original, humor, and a good deal of human nature, together with much that is exaggerated and theatrical. Mr. Daly, by condensing it into four acts, has quickened the action and got rid of matter which might have proved tedious; but his excisions and transpositions have not increased the clearness of the story. He has contrived, however, to preserve all the salient features, and, as the general result was satisfactory, nobody will be disposed to criticise him severely for the liberties he has taken, especially as the piece can establish no claim to the position of a sacred classic. His main object in producing it, of course, was to give Miss Rehan a chance of appearing as Juliana, a character which affords scope for the display of some of her most attractive characteristics as an actress. She did not treat the part so seriously or so romantically as some of her predecessors, but her interpretation of the humorous side of it was excellent. In all the varied episodes of the conflict for conjugal supremacy, she found herself in her proper element, and her gradual progress from a condition of flat rebellion to one of dutiful and affectionate submission was marked by a sense of proportion both humorous and artistic. Her outbursts of passion were not overwrought, and her transformation was effected by well-observed gradations. The best performance from the old comedy point of view was the Rolando of George Clarke; and Miss Percy Haswell did uncommonly well in the character of Zamora. Mr. Lewis, it need scarcely be said, was extremely comical as the mock Duke, and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. William Owen and Mr. Charles Leclercq made the most of such opportunities as were left to them. The representation as a whole was lively and capable. One feature, deserving of special mention, was a remarkably spirited and graceful dance, at the end of the third act, in which Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert distinguished themselves especially.

"An Enemy of the People"

IBSEN'S SOCIAL AND political satire, which Mr. Beerbohm Tree produced in Abbey's Theatre on Monday evening, is worth more than the single representation accorded to it, for it deals with vital questions of general interest, is void of all offence, is neither scientific nor enigmatic, and offers, moreover, several excellent opportunities for acting of a high order. The story of the hero, Dr. Stockman, who was the idol of his fellow-townsmen as long as he helped to put money in their pockets, but was regarded as the common foe when his sense of honesty impelled him to denounce the baths which were among the chief sources of their business profit, has been printed too often to need repetition now. It is told with exceeding clearness, naturalness and simplicity, and with an admirable and humorous insight into the common weakness of human nature, if with very moderate appreciation of true dramatic effect. The various characters, such as the old, purse-proud, narrow, selfish, hypocritical and unscrupulous burgomaster, the mercenary newspaper editor and publisher, the assistant editor and others, are veritable studies from the life—so lifelike, indeed, that they might be photographic copies of living originals,—but the types which they present are so common, so utterly free from any touch of imagination or elevation, that it is difficult to be interested in them. To be sure, they hold the mirror up to nature, but the side of nature which is reflected is the most sordid and most familiar. The study of mankind amid these conditions is apt to be tedious.

Viewed as a satire upon the motives which too often prevail in our social and political relations, the piece is true and strong, but the principles which it enunciates can lay no special claim to boldness or originality. To argue, as Stockman does in his bitterness, that the majority must always be in the wrong, is one of those exaggerated generalizations to which Ibsen is prone in his social and scientific reasoning, but of course, no one dreams of denying that right, truth and wisdom are often in a hopeless minority, or that the so-called popular will, when actuated by ignorance and self-interest, is capable of the most stupid and brutal injustice. Nevertheless, a plausible, forceful and entertaining satire upon the tyranny which might not infrequently exercise over right, and upon the ready hypocrisy with which men avoid their own respon-

sibilities, is always wholesome and welcome. The quality of the satire and of the humor in this play is often excellent, but the dramatic action drags in consequence of the elaboration of minor details; and it is not until the fourth act, when Stockman makes his public appeal in behalf of honesty, and assails his selfish persecutors with fierce ridicule, that a really dramatic situation is reached. Stockman would be a wonderful part for a great emotional actor. Mr. Tree probably comprehends it, but he cannot give it full interpretation. The fine fury of wrath and scorn and inspired resolution, which possesses the man after he has realized the fact that all his friends have deserted him, and enables him to meet each new attack with a bolder front, is beyond Mr. Tree's powers of expression. But in the earlier acts his impersonation, although never quite free from a suspicion of insincerity, is exceedingly clever, and the outward personality is maintained with all the mimetic skill which he has displayed on former occasions. He was very well supported, and the general representation was as smooth and capable as could be wished.

The Fine Arts

Vierge's Drawings at Keppel's

NO REAL appreciation of the work of Daniel Vierge can be had without seeing some of his original drawings. Though he has been the first to invent a technique suited to the requirements of process-engraving and steam-printing, engraver and printer are far from doing justice to his drawing. Much of the dash and cleverness remains, but much of the delicacy and beauty of the original is lost. A collection of some fifty of his drawings in pen-and-ink, pencil, India-ink wash and gouache is at present on exhibition at Keppel's gallery, and, though it includes but a very small fraction of Vierge's immense work, there is yet enough to give the visitor a definite impression of his genius. A few of the original drawings for "Don Pablo de Segovia" have a beauty of line, a transparency in the shadows, a variety of coloring, of which the printer has been unable to give even a suggestion. The illustrated papers, such as *La Vie Moderne* and *Le Monde Illustré*, on account of the large scale of their reproductions, have done somewhat better. A number of the drawings, including half a dozen illustrations in wash to "Don Quixote," have not as yet been published. The reproductions of pencil-sketches in the pretty little catalogue, printed on Japan-paper, are the best that we have seen. Nine of the drawings belong to the Century Co., and there is a portrait of the artist by Jaccaci.



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Art Notes

THE SECOND annual exhibition of the National Sculpture Society will be held at the American Fine Arts Building on May 7-23. Combined with the regular exhibition there will be a "retrospective exhibition of sculpture," and one of landscape-gardening after designs by Nathan F. Barrett and Thomas Hastings. The aim of this is to demonstrate that sculpture does not merely mean the placing of bronze gentlemen in frock coats and creased trousers in public places, and to illustrate the possibilities of combining sculpture with flowers and plants in gardening and interior decoration.

—The day set for the opening of the exhibition of the work of A. B. Durand, the first American wood-engraver of note, has been changed from April 4 to 25. It was found to be impossible to finish the catalogue before the latter date.

—An art exhibition will be held on the East Side during May, at the Hebrew Institute, under the auspices of the University Settlement Society and the Educational Alliance. The Executive Committee is composed as follows: the Hon. Wm. L. Strong, the Hon. Carl Schurz, Oswald Ottendorfer, Charles Stewart Smith, A. C. Bakewell, Richard Watson Gilder, John Claffin, E. R. A. Seligman, James B. Reynolds, Philip J. Mosenthal, Gifford Pinchot and A. C. Bernheim. The Committee of Artists consist of F. Edwin Elwell, Joe Evans, H. Bolton Jones, Dora Wheeler Keith, Clara McChesney, H. Siddons Mowbray, J. C. Nicholl and Walter Shirlaw.

—The Société du Champ de Mars has accepted the invitation sent to its members to exhibit at the universal exhibition of the fine arts which will be opened in Berlin on May 1. The Société des Champs-Élysées has thus far taken no steps in the matter, but it is likely that it will decline the invitation.

Notes

It is good news that we are soon to have a novel of adventure from Mr. Frank R. Stockton's unique pen. It is called "The Adventures of Captain Horn," with scenes laid mainly in South America and Paris. Mr. Stockton has been engaged for two years upon this story, which is said to be different from anything he has done thus far. It will be published in England by Cassell & Co., and in this country by the Messrs. Scribner, who, it will be remembered, published Mr. Stockton's first novel, "The Late Mrs. Null." Like that story, the new one will not be published serially.

—The next two volumes in D. Appleton & Co.'s Criminology Series will be "Criminal Sociology," by Prof. Ferri, and "Crime: a Social Study," by Prof. Joly.

—F. F. Montresor, whose book, "Into the High-Ways and Hedges," has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., is not a man, as most persons have supposed. According to the London *Literary World*, the author is really a Miss Frances Frederick Montresor, born in 1862, the youngest child of the late Admiral F. B. Montresor, and sister of Lieut. W. Montresor, R. N., killed in the Sudan. "She has already had good offers, since publishing her first book, for her next novel, but is a slow and careful writer. She does not hold the religious views attributed to 'Barnabas.' Her book has run into the third edition within two months."

—It is said that Rudyard Kipling, who has left Washington and was at latest accounts in New York, has prevailed on his father, Lockwood Kipling, to illustrate his new Jungle Book, to be published at the end of this year.

—Macmillan & Co. announce "Dundonald," by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, and "Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde," by Archibald Forbes, in the English Men of Action Series; Morier's "Hajji Baba," with an introduction by George Curzon, M. P., and Miss Edgeworth's "Parents' Assistant" in the Illustrated Standard Novels Series; and editions, revised for use in the United States by the Rev. Samuel Hart, of Dr. Mearns' "First Communion" and "The Order of Confirmation."

—Macmillan & Co. announce the text of J. Comyns Carr's play, "King Arthur," as performed by Mr. Irving; "Agriculture, Practical and Scientific," by Prof. James Muir; "Essays in Taxation," by Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia; "Social Theology," by President Hyde of Bowdoin; and a new series of Saga translations, to be issued under the title of the Northern Library. The first volume will be a rendering of "The Saga of King Olaf Tryggvason," by the Rev. John Sephton, to be followed by "The Faereyinga Saga," by Prof. York Powell, and "The Ambales Saga," by Israel Gollancz.

—A new edition of Wordsworth, by Prof. Knight, is in preparation by Macmillan & Co. It will probably occupy sixteen volumes of the Eversley Series, and will contain the poet's poems and prose works, his letters and those of his sister, and Dorothy Wordsworth's journals. Besides full notes, many of which will be entirely new, the edition will contain a fresh life of the poet, a critical estimate of his works, and a bibliography of British, American and Continental editions. Each volume will contain a portrait and a vignette representing some place specially associated with Wordsworth or his family.

—From *The Athenæum* we learn that *All the Year Round*, founded by Charles Dickens, and hitherto edited by his son and namesake, is to be discontinued, and will be incorporated with *Household Words*; and that Macmillan & Co. will publish in May,

under the title "Studies of Men," a selection from Mr. G. W. Smalley's *Tribune* articles. Among the subjects may be mentioned Cardinal Newman, Lord Tennyson, Prince Bismarck, the late Master of Balliol, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Froude and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

—In February last W. R. Eastman, Secretary of the New York Library Association, sent a list of 237 of the leading books of 1894 to the librarians of New York and other States, to obtain an expression of opinion respecting the best twenty-five books of the year to be added to a village library. Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" was found to be easily in the lead, followed closely by Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution." Macmillan & Co. have just published cheap editions in paper of these books. A German translation of Mr. Kidd's work is announced in Jena, with an introduction by Prof. Weismann.

—Mr. Stevenson's posthumous story, "St. Ives," will not be published by Stone & Kimball until autumn.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that Anna Katharine Green's new novel, "Doctor Izard," is almost ready. Nearly 750,000 copies of Miss Green's stories have been sold thus far. "The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock," published recently in the Autonym Library, is now in its third edition, and is appearing serially in a syndicate of newspapers. Miss Green has held the attention of an increasing circle of readers for over twenty years.

—The Jewish Publication Society of America has just published "Jewish Literature, and Other Essays," by Gustav Karpeles.

—B. Westermann & Co. have issued a "Catalogue Raisonné of German Literature, Containing Hints for Selecting the German Library of a Man of Culture, with Additional Information as to the Best Translations into English." The compiler has done his work thoroughly well, and the pamphlet will yield much information even to those who do not for the moment wish to gather a German library. Catalogues of other literatures are announced by the publishers.

—George Gottsberger Peck has just published a translation of "The Grandee," by Armando Palacio Valdés, with a preface by Edmund Gosse.

—Roberts Bros. will shortly publish "The Curse of Intellect," an anonymous story of a man and a monkey, the former civilizing the latter and making it unhappy by giving it intellect. They have in preparation, also, William Morris's "The Wood Beyond the World."

—Mme. Adam, editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, has told Mr. R. H. Sherard, who in turn has told the readers of *The Bookman*, that she has sold the English rights of her forthcoming memoirs to "an American publisher, who will arrange for the publication in England also. She wouldn't tell me the publisher's name, but she said that he was somebody connected with *The North American Review*. The first volume—there are to be eight—will deal with her childhood, the second with her literary *débuts*, the third, which has already been published, is about the Commune, and the fourth is about her first coquettings with politics."

—The second part of the library of Mr. L. D. Alexander will be sold by Bangs & Co. on April 15-19. It comprises general literature, Napoleoniana, original editions of Lever and Thackeray, dramatic literature, etc.

—John Fiske, LL.D., will begin this (Saturday) afternoon, at the Berkeley Lyceum, his course of four lectures on the "Lessons of Evolution in Relation to Man." The other lectures will be delivered there on April 20, 24 and 27, at 4:30 P.M. It is hardly necessary to add that these are lectures that no one can well afford to miss.

—The American Baptist Publication Society will publish in June "The Spiritual Autobiography of A. J. Gordon, D. D., with an Interpretation by A. T. Pierson, D. D."

—*L'Echo de France* is the name of a new monthly paper, published in this city by Meyer Bros. & Co. It is chiefly devoted to contemporary French literature, but will pay attention to art and drama as well. From its pages we learn that Georges Ohnet has finished his new novel, "La Dame en Gris," that Edmond de Goncourt is at work on a volume of his "Journal," covering the years 1889-91, and that Ludovic Halévy's new novel, "Deux Jeunes Filles," will be published in the *Revue de Paris*.

—The last of Mrs. Sidney Lanier's readings from the published and unpublished writings of the late Mr. Sidney Lanier will be given in the chantry of All Souls' Church, Madison Ave. and 68th Street, on Thursday afternoon, the 18th inst.

—Townsend Harris, the first American Minister Resident in Japan, who lived at Shimoda and Yedo, 1856-62, kept a journal of his remarkable experiences and triumphs. Most of this journal, with a biography by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Harris saw many of what are now the vanished things of a Japan never to return.

—The fourth summer session of the School of Applied Ethics will open in Plymouth, Mass., on July 8, and continue five weeks. About eighty lectures will be given on economics, ethics, education, and the history of religions. The courses on education will be given July 29-Aug. 9.

—"A curious little slip of misinformation occurs in *The Century* for April," writes C. B. of Ripley, Ohio. "In the lively story entitled 'A Search for an Ancestor,' the author says of the heroine (p. 846), that 'her crowning disgrace occurred at the Harvard Commencement ball, where Miss Primer proudly chaperoned her own graduating class.' There is a Harvard Class-day, celebrated some five days before Commencement, with varied entertainment, including dancing at several places; but such a function as 'the Commencement ball' is certainly unknown and ever has been with in present memory. Fancy the idea, also, of a class of sweet girl graduates attending the Harvard Commencement exercises—especially the great dinner and the class reunions!"

—The British Museum, the Newark Free Library and the St. Louis Public Library have removed Oscar Wilde's works from their shelves, and his name from their catalogues.

—The Virginia Historical Society proposes to publish a reprint of the Minutes of the London Company, 1619-24, of which only two complete copies are known to be in existence—one in the Congressional Library at Washington, the other in the Society's possession. These records throw much light on the early history of Virginia. The work will be published only if a sufficient number of subscribers can be found. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Philip A. Bruce, 707 Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

—"In your issue of March 30, p. 253, I notice a slight error," writes a correspondent at Yale, "which you may perhaps think worth correcting. It is in the reference to 'the fact that the faculty of the college in New Haven is made up almost wholly of Yale graduates.' There are seventy-one names in the list of the undergraduate academical faculty; of these, twenty-seven are not graduates of Yale College or of the Sheffield Scientific School—about 38 per cent. of the whole number. Some of these men are graduates of the University in Law or Medicine or Theology, but they are not 'Yale graduates,' any more than Prof. Hopkins, who studied here under Whitney, is a Yale graduate."

—Mr. John Anderson of this city reports that he has in his possession a copy of the forged Baskett Bible, usually known as the "Kneeland Bible," the first printed in this country in English. According to Isaiah Thomas ("History of Printing in America"), this Bible was privately printed in Boston in 1761, by Kneeland & Green, principally for Daniel Henchman, and had the imprint of the copy from which it was reprinted, viz.:—"London: Printed by Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty." This, it may be stated, was done to evade detection, as the printing was at that time a patent granted by the King. Hitherto no collector has ever seen a copy of this Kneeland Bible, which is said to resemble the Baskett so closely that only experts can distinguish between them. George Bancroft has discredited the story of this forged Bible, and so has Dr. John Wright, in his "Early Bibles of America." The book in Mr. Anderson's possession is

well preserved. Perhaps it will be the means of settling definitely a question that has puzzled bibliophiles for many years.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents should give its number.

QUESTIONS

1778.—Some time ago I read in one of the New York dailies a review of a book called "The Conquest of Death." The work was published by the author, whose name I have forgotten. Can you help me to find it?

BALTIMORE, MD.

D. L.

ANSWERS

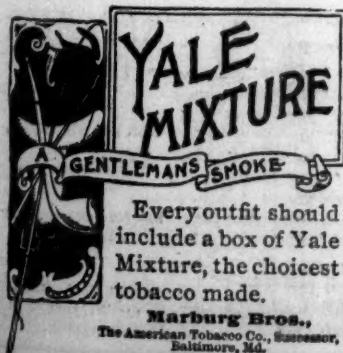
1774.—"Sometime, Somehow" was written by Miss F. G. Browning. It may be found, under the title "Unanswered Yet," in "Joyful Lays," published in 1884, by Biglow & Main.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

R. L.

Publications Received

- Anderson, George W. Seeking to Save.
Beers, Henry A. The Ways of Yale. 75c.
Beesly, A. H. Ballads and Other Verses. 75c.
Blum, Edgar C. Sunbeams and Shadows.
Blue Book, 1895.
Bolton, H. Irving. The Madonna of St. Luke. \$1.25.
Brooks, Noah. How the Republic is Governed. 75c.
Briggs, C. Augustus. The Messiah of the Apostles. \$3.
Christ and the Church. \$1.50.
Clodd, Edward. A Primer of Evolution.
Clark, Thomas H. Reminiscences. \$1.25.
Crommelin, May. For the Sake of the Family. 50c.
Defoe, Daniel. History of the Plague in London.
Dickinson, Mary Lowe. Spring Blossoms. 75c.
Doyle, A. Conan. The Mystery of Cloonber. \$1.
Dowling, Richard. Catmur's Cave. 50c.
Du Maurier, George. Society Pictures.
Fenn, George Manville. Diamond Dyke. \$1.50.
Gardner, George E. A Treasure Found—A Bride Won. 50c.
Gerard, Dorothea. An Arranged Marriage. \$1.
Hall, FitzEdward. Two Trifles.
Harnack, Adolf. Monasticism.
Hawthorne, J. B. The Power of the Press.
Hervieu, Paul. L'Armature.
Heaven the Country: Christ the Way. \$1.
Heyse, Paul. Kolberg. 40c.
Hiscox, Edward T. The Lord's Supper. 5c.
Horton, S. Dana. Silver and Gold.
Hope, Anthony. Mr. Wilt's Widow. 50c.
Incunables.
Karples, Gustav. Jewish Literature. \$1.25.
Larned, Walter C. Prince Blamarck. \$1.25.
Lowe, Charles. Churches and Castles of Mediaeval France. \$1.50.
Madame Sans-Gêne. Unabridged Translation.
Macquell, Katherine S. Appledore Farm. 50c.
Minot, H. D. Land-Birds and Game-Birds of New England. \$3.
Miller, George N. After the Sex Struck; or, Zugassent's Discovery. 25c.
Nodder, Charles. Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle. Tr. by M. C. Smith.
Ouida. The Tower of Tadeo. 50c.
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1891-92. 2 vols.
Rice, Katharine M. Stories for all the Year.
Rockwood, Frank Ernest. Cicero's Cato Major de Senectute. 50c.
Skinner, John. The Book of Ezekiel. \$1.50.
Souleby, Lucy H. M. Stray Thoughts for Girls. 60c.
Stevenson, Robert L. The Body-Snatcher.
State Immigration Association.
Twelfth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Ass'n.
Twenty-Eighth Annual Report of the State Board of Charities, 1894.
Valdes, Armando Palacio. The Grandee.
Wayland, H. L. E. G. Robinson, D. D., LL. D.
Webster, Daniel. The Orations on Bunker Hill Monument. 50c.
Amer. Baptist Pub. Society.
Henry Holt & Co.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Chicago: Laird & Lea.
Tiffany & Co.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Charles Scribner's Sons.
Charles Scribner's Sons.
Fleming H. Reveli Co.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Thomas Whitaker.
U. S. Book Co.
Amer. Book Co.
Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.
R. F. Fenno & Co.
U. S. Book Co.
Charles H. Sergel Co.
E. P. Dutton & Co.
Robert Bonner's Sons.
D. Appleton & Co.
Privately Printed.
Christian Literature Co.
Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.
Meyer Bros. & Co.
Dodd, Mead & Co.
Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.
Robert Clarke Co.
United States Book Co.
Venice: Leo S. Olshchki.
Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Roberts Bros.
Charles Scribner's Sons.
Boston: Chas. E. Brown & Co.
U. S. Book Co.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Arena Pub. Co.
Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Government Printing Office.
Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Amer. Book Co.
A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Merriam Co.
New Orleans, La.
Albany: James B. Lyon.
George Gottsberger Feck.
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